



# MISHA

CHILDREN'S  
ILLUSTRATED  
MONTHLY

6/1988

Published in English, French, German, Hungarian, Italian, Russian and Spanish.



Suddenly the earth moved under his feet. "Run for your lives! It's a fish!" Read about the surprising adventures of Sindbad, a merchant from Baghdad, in this and the following two issues of MISHA.







NIKOLAI KATIN

# VASKA

Who, or what, is Vaska? A boy? A cat? No, a bird—a woodpecker. Vaska is usually a name for little boys, cats and colts. Who ever heard of a bird with that name? How did it happen?

Bright-coloured woodpeckers had made a nest in a fir tree. At first the hatchlings just peeped, asking their parents for food and adding to the general cacophony of the forest. Later, they climbed onto the branch and began to learn to fly. They fell to the grass, flapped their wings, then rested, flapped some more and then rested. Without a lot of strength and the knack for flying, they weren't having much success.

"Look at the little birdies," said six-year-old Katerina. She loved birds and animals, and always tried to find an affectionate name for them.

It happened that one of the little birdies got up too high and as it was falling to the ground, hit the pine tree trunk. It hit hard and lay motionless on the ground. Katerina found the little bird, picked it up carefully and carried it home.

"Grandpa, a terrible thing has happened! The birdie is dead!"

Katerina's grandfather listened to the bird's heart—it was beating.

"It's not dead, just unconscious. We'll have to take care of it."

They found a cardboard box for the birdie, put some grass in it and then covered it with a net.

Grain, bread crumbs and water were also placed in the box. By evening the birdie had woken up, drank some water and ate some crumbs. It did this for two days. On the third day, it started to peep and squawk. Grandfather and Katerina came to see what was the matter. The woodpecker had got tangled in the grass. It was pulling and squawking, but it couldn't get free.

"Help it," Grandfather told Katerina, "but be careful. Pull off one blade of grass at a time. It's afraid and will struggle. Don't squeeze it."

The little girl was very careful, but she suddenly cried out:

"It scratches!"

A bird's legs are very thin and its claws are sharp, like needles, and cling very tight. They have to be. How else could a bird climb up and down a tree head first?

Katerina's hands were scratched and bleeding, but she managed to untangle the little birdie from the grass.

Two days later Katerina and her grandfather brought the box out on the balcony and removed the net.

"Let it decide for itself," said Grandfather. "If it can fly—fine. If it falls, we'll pick it up."

"Can I give it a name?" asked Katerina.

"Sure. What do you want to call it?"

"I'll call it Vaska, O.K.?"

It wasn't really a bird's name, but the little girl's grandfather agreed to it. Let it be Vaska, just as long as it lived and was healthy.

The next day the box was empty—the birdie had flown away. But it had grown accustomed to people, and flew around the house all day long, eating bread crumbs.

By autumn Vaska had grown quite large. The other woodpeckers flew into the forest, but this one stayed put. It pecked at the pine bark and ate from the birdfeeder, but always remained close to the house.

A year passed, then another. Katerina finished two grades in school. Whenever she came to the country house, there was Vaska. The bird was wild, but still attached to the house.

As I write this, Vaska is outside the window climbing up and down a pine tree and pecking the bark. At times the bird swoops down to the feeder. If someone mistreated it, it would fly deeper into the forest.

Animals and birds will not forgive an insult. But nor do they forget kindness.



Drawings  
by SERGEI  
SACHKOV



Last year Misha printed three fun make-believe stories (see No. 5) sent in by boys and girls from Leningrad. Misha asked its readers to send in their own make-believe stories. Here are some of the first ones we have received.

## MAKE-BELIEVE

### SUMMER SNOW

One day I saw Mummy packing our suitcases. Daddy was going to work in Moscow and we were going with him. When we left Japan it was spring-time and the cherry blossoms were in bloom. Their white petals covered the ground like snow. I felt sad.

But it turned out that Moscow also has "summer snow"—in June the poplars are in bloom. My little sister Yoko liked the poplar fluff very much. One morning she woke up and told me that she dreamed she had been riding a sleigh through the poplar fluff. "It was so much fun!" she said, but I didn't believe her.

Yoko bit her lip and handed me a small camera. I took out the film and sent it in to be developed. When the pictures were ready, Mom, Dad and I were very surprised. There was my sister wearing a summer dress and gliding on a sleigh through Moscow's poplar fluff!

TARO IVAMOTO, Japan



### AZHERES

I asked Azheres: "Why do you have such a strange name? What does it mean?" "Underwater current." "In what language?" I wanted to know. Azheres looked me straight in the eye and said: "In Moksdetsk." We were at a summer camp, sitting on a pier and kicking our feet in the river. "Where are your parents?" "In Kamchatka. They're studying volcanoes. Daddy just dug a pit and Mom is sending down sensors." Azheres sometimes used unusual words. And another thing—he always



### THE UMBRELLA

One day I was taken into a spaceship. It was a tourist ship. We visited people living on a distant planet. They gave me an umbrella. It's triangular!

KATIA NIKOLAEVA ILIEVA, Bulgaria

### THE DISCOVERY

When I went to see my friend Miklos he was blowing soap bubbles. "What about trying to make them a different colour?" I said. Miklos went and got a bottle with a blue liquid in it, and poured it into the soapy water. The bubbles turned blue. But that wasn't the surprise. The bubbles didn't burst! We clapped at them with our hands and even tried to pierce them. They just wouldn't burst. Soon the whole room was filled with blue bubbles. We started to jump on them—just like on a trampoline. And they still didn't burst.

"Where did you get that bottle?" I asked. "From mama," said Miklos, whose Mother was a chemist. When she came home, we told her what happened. She didn't scold us at all, just the opposite—she began to kiss us. "You've made a discovery," she said.

SANDOR SAROVECKI, Hungary



knew when cartoons were going to come on television.

"Rex! Help!" a woman in a boat cried out. A helpless, reddish-brown puppy was pawing at the water. It was being carried to the dam, and there was a waterfall there. I didn't notice how Azheres slid into the water. But all of a sudden the puppy was in his arms right by the dam. Azheres had swum there underwater without once coming up for air.

"Are you from another planet?" I asked Azheres when he returned. "Yes." "How do you know when the cartoons are coming on?" "I listen to radio waves."

Azheres' parents took him away so quickly we didn't have time to exchange addresses. But that winter while I was doing my homework... Suddenly the television came on and I heard a voice: "This summer I'll be at the same camp!"

TANIA NIKITINA, USSR





When I was small, my mother would read me the story about the good Doctor Powderpill: "Cows and foxes they all come, to be treated one by one." And then one day my dog got sick.

People with their sick pets were sitting in the animal clinic waiting room. A little girl held a turtle on her lap; a boy about ten years old clutched a cage with a goldfinch; and there was an elderly lady lovingly petting a sad-looking cat. Fortunately my dog was not seriously ill. A stern young woman in a white coat gave the dog a shot and prescribed some medicine. But how do they cure wild animals? Many **Misha** readers have asked this question. So we took along a photographer and went to the Moscow Zoo.

Vladimir Khromov, a veterinarian at the zoo, was giving vaccine injections to some young animals so they would not get sick when they were grown. Suddenly there was an emergency call to the elephant cage. The huge animal had broken its tusk. After giving it an "elephant dose" of anesthetic, the veterinarian fitted the tusk with a steel crown. But the animal doctor doesn't give any kind of narcotic to the leopard—the beast is afraid of getting shots.

NINA GROZOVA  
Photographs  
by ALEXANDER  
ZEMLIANICHENKO

## COME AND BE CURED





# THE SECRET OF THE BLUE SEAGULL

For a whole month Alisa had been pestering me: "Dad, take me with you into space!" I was planning a voyage to search for the Blue Seagull, a spaceship that was lost a year ago. "Alright, I'll take you with me if you promise to behave yourself." We arrived at the launch site at the scheduled time.



Three, two, one, lift-off! The ship shook but didn't take off. We were overweight! I looked in the cargo hold and there were forty-three of Alisa's classmates. "The other kids wanted to travel into space, too," Alisa lowered her head.



Based on science fiction stories by KIR BULICHEV  
Illustrated by ANATOLY DUBOVIK



We got the "stowaways" off the ship and sped into space. On the sixth day we saw a purple sphere through the window. We decided to make a stop here and refuel. The ship made a smooth landing on the planet, and we took a walk around the major city.



The nature here was really something: orange sky, green clouds, and blue sand. The streets of the city were filled with travellers from all corners of the Galaxy. "Are you from Earth?" a fat man in black glasses asked us. "I haven't been there in so long!" Then, giving Alisa an unusual-looking turtle, he said: "Keep this as a souvenir."



Then we were on our way again. But what's this? We were getting an emergency signal from the Robot Planet. We changed course. The ship landed in a deserted launch field. Motionless, metal bodies were lying around everywhere. Some had even started to rust.



What kind of disease has infected the robots? "We have to change their lubricant right away!" The robots came alive and told us how a month ago a fat man in black glasses had come and asked them to make a laser weapon for him. The robots refused and the fat man ruined the lubricant.



To be continued





### FIVE IMPORTANT LESSONS FOR TAKING CARE OF DOGS

"Dear Misha, yesterday I got a puppy. But I don't know how to raise it. Please help me."

CSILLA SZATMARY, Hungary

Simona Adam, Yuliana Peters and Silvia Bayer from the GDR, Vidjei Singh from India and other readers. Well, boys and girls, read about how one father in Moscow taught his son, Dmitry, how to care for a puppy.

Vesta is a small, floppy-eared puppy. Dmitry so wants to hug his live little toy and play with it. But his father wisely begins to question him.

"How many times a day do you need to feed a puppy? To take it outside?" The little boy just sighed.

"You see," said his father. "You are being trusted with a live creature, and you don't know anything about it. To begin with you need to remember five basic rules.

**"Rule 1.** A puppy needs to have its own place in a home. It may be a wooden frame with some canvas stretched over it, or wooden flooring, or just a rug. Never put your pet near a heater or in a draught.

**"Rule 2.** A lot of books have been written about how you should feed your dog. Read them and follow the advice of the experts. A puppy's basic foods are meat and oats, slightly salted. Never give it

# PUPPIES

pepper, onion, mustard, vinegar, sugar or candy. But make sure it gets vegetables, milk, raw egg yolk and cottage cheese. A two-month old puppy should be fed no less than six times a day.

**"Rule 3.** Each morning examine your pet to see if it's well. A sick puppy will usually have a dull coat, glazed eyes, a hot and dry nose and no appetite. If that happens you must take it to the veterinarian immediately.

**"Rule 4.** You need to walk a puppy often but not for too long. Up to four months—five or six times a day. As soon as the puppy wakes up and after it eats, take it outside. Then you won't have any more puddles in the apartment, and the puppy itself will begin to ask to go outside. Do not punish the puppy for making puddles—otherwise it will grow into a cowardly, or, on the contrary, a malicious and spoiled dog.

**"Rule 5.** You must start training your four-legged pet the first day you bring it home. The most important commands are: "Sit!" "Here boy (girl)!" "No!" Once you call the puppy, give it a stroke or two, or some treat. Training also includes getting the puppy used to a leash and collar, and also to toys. Let it play with a tennis ball. A puppy needs to play with toys so it won't gnaw your slippers or the furniture. But never give a puppy plastic toys!"

"The puppy is not a plush toy," Dmitry sighed. "I'll have to work real hard."  
"As a reward, your Vesta will in a year or so be a clever and faithful friend for you," father said, stroking the puppy dozing on the rug.

ANATOLY ROGOZHNIK, zoologist

## TELEGRAMS FROM KNOW-ALL

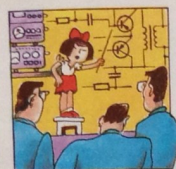
A five-year-old Japanese girl named Itsuka Matsunaga is one of the youngest radio hams in the world. But before she could go on the air she had to pass exams.



In an aquarium in the USA, frog-fish stand guard. They keep crabs away from edible mollusks, which the crabs find very tasty.



French scientists have invented some tablets for "watering" house plants. The tablets absorb moisture from the air and gradually release it to the plants.



It turns out that ice-cream doesn't make you cold. On the contrary, the cream and sugar in it help to warm you up. Italian mountain climbers made this clear to scientists when they climbed high up a mountain and ate only ice-cream. And they didn't feel cold at all.



### MISHA'S PHOTO ALBUM



On Sakhalin Island, Vladimir Mashutin photographed his friends with crab fishermen caught in the sea.



### CHILDREN AND PARENTS

Timur is lying on the couch.  
"Are you tired?"  
"Very tired."  
"What did you do?"  
"I drank some juice."

Sergei slept under a woollen blanket one night. The next morning he woke up and grumbled:  
"This blanket learnt how to bite from mosquitoes."



HOW? WHY? WHAT?

ALEXEI MISHIN

# FULL SPEED AHEAD

Can you guess what it is?

A rocket!

A plane gathers speed and takes off, leaning its wings on air as it moves. In space, where there is no air, a plane cannot fly.

And a rocket? A rocket can, all right!

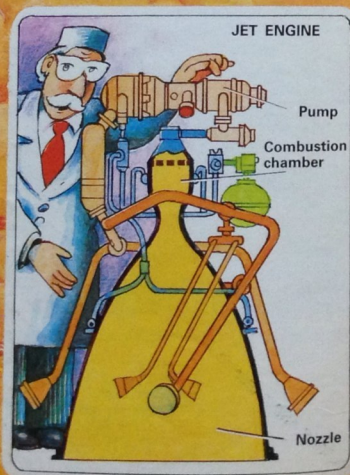
Why?

Rockets were first made in Ancient China. Firing rockets was part of festive fireworks displays. People also say that once

a Mandarin called Wang Gu tried to fly up into the skies in his own chair after many rockets had been tied to it.



Drawings  
by NIKOLAI  
YEVGENIEV



In the past decades there have been a number of man-made missions to other planets. People have been to the moon and now they are thinking of going to Mars. All this is thanks to rockets. The theory of rocket use for interplanetary travel was invented and worked out by the Russian scientist Konstantin Tsiolkovsky.

The engine of up-to-date rockets looks like a big furnace. But burning is impossible without oxygen and this gas is found only in the air. Since rockets fly in airless places, oxygen is



powder for fuel. Modern rockets use liquid fuel (for example, kerosene) and some solid fuel too. Scientists are still looking for alternative kinds of fuels and are trying electrical, nuclear and

and make a giant leap in the air—for thirty or forty metres.

So, jet propulsion is possible in water as well. People use this principle in some boats that propel themselves by throwing



stored inside the spacecraft, along with other kinds of fuel. First, however, it is liquidised. This way it takes up less space, which is very important, for fuel space is at a premium in every spaceship. Every couple of minutes of the flight the furnace burns up a railway tankful of fuel.

Old Chinese rockets used



other kinds of rocket engines. And now another question: How does a rocket fly?

There is a hot flame spurting out of it in a jet of burning gas. The rocket pushes off this gas, sending it in the opposite direction from its own.

This kind of motion is called jet propulsion.

This principle, however, is used not in man-made rockets only. There are some 'living' jet-propelled rockets. Take, for instance, a squid. It sucks in some water and then jets it back, propelling itself to a motor-car speed. This way the squid can cover thousands of kilometres. It can even jump out of water

a powerful stream of water off behind them just like the squid. These boats think nothing of sand banks and spits. Thus people make the most of their knowledge of natural world and wildlife.







# RIABA THE SPECKLED HEN

A Russian Folk-Tale

Hi, Misha! Help me to learn some of the best loved Russian folk-tales.

DICK MARTIN BARBA, Nicaragua

Every country has its favourite folk-tales. They are known, almost by heart, by all people, young and old. Dick is quite right here. Today Misha features one of such most well-known Russian folk-tales, illustrated by GEORGI KUP-RIANOV.



There lived an old man and an old woman who had a speckled hen named Riaba. Once Riaba laid an egg, not a regular one, but a gold one.

The old man tried to break it—nothing happened. The old woman tried to break it—nothing happened.



Then a mouse nipped past, shook its tail and smashed the egg to smithereens.



The old man cried. The old woman cried. But Riaba the Speckled Hen clucked:



"Cluck-cluck-cluck! Cluck-cluck-cluck! Don't cry, old man. Don't cry, old woman. I'll lay you another egg, not a gold one, but a regular one!"



**THE FUTURE  
GRANDMASTER'S  
SCHOOL**

**DEFEND YOURSELF!**

Solve the following chess problem:

This position was reached after: 1. e4 e5 2. Nf3 Nc6 3. Nc3 Bc5 4. N:e5 B:f2+ 5. K:f2 N:e5 6. d4 Qf6+ 7. Kg1 Ng4.

How should White defend himself?



**Answer:** The only defence here is 8. Qd2! White's position is improved as a result: he has a powerful centre and threatens to complete his development after a series of strong moves: 9. h3 Nh6 10. Nd5 ...

**MISHA'S MAILBAG**



"A Portrait of My Big Brother", Manja Hoffmann, GDR



"To School With My Little Sister", Manjeri Ekanayake, Sri Lanka



"Self-portrait" and "My Dog Top", Nastia Patsia, USSR



I hope my letter reaches you soon and that when it does you are all well and fine. My name is Ali Amil Abd al-Gabar. I am twelve. I live in Iraq, in the city of Baghdad. I look forward to every issue of **Misha** and read it all, from the first word to the last. **Misha** makes me very happy and I would like to become one of its friends.

Sincerely yours,  
ALI AMIL ABD AL-GABAR



I have been reading **Misha** for about three years. Could you please include a story about fencing? It is my favourite sport. I've been doing it for four years now and have got a Cup and four medals. I also collect stamps. All the best,

CÉLINE PEYNICHOU,

Dear Céline! Perhaps you could also write about fencing for **Misha**. Tell us why you are so fond of it, and how you decided to become a fencer. We are sure **Misha's** readers would be interested in your story. If possible, enclose some slides or colour photographs.

Dear staff members of the children's magazine! I am sending you best wishes from my little brothers Armadito, Silvito and Luisito and myself. I am the oldest brother and am ten years old.

ORLANDO RAMIREZ COREA,  
Nicaragua



The first time we saw **Misha** was in English at the newsstand, several years ago. We bought it at once and ever since then have been subscribing to it. We find it very interesting and informative. We also like the pictures, including the ones sent in by children. We also try to send in our pictures to **Misha**.

TANIA and CRISTINA DINU,  
Romania

Boys and girls, we look forward to receiving more of your drawings.

**A "TOUCH-ME-NOT" FAMILY**

In the summer my friend and I camped out in the garden in a tent which my parents pitched for us. Once we were sitting in it and it was already getting dark. Suddenly the dog started yapping. Then we heard some rustling in the grass. Somebody broke into the garden, we thought. And so it was indeed, for the next moment we saw a whole hedgehog family making their way over the asparagus bed. There was a Mummy hedgehog and four little ones. We sat very still and watched the whole family slowly go by.

After that we started to put saucers of milk near the tent in the evening and felt very happy when the hedgehogs arrived and helped themselves.

Do you think they'll come again next year?  
PEGGY JANTSCH,  
GDR

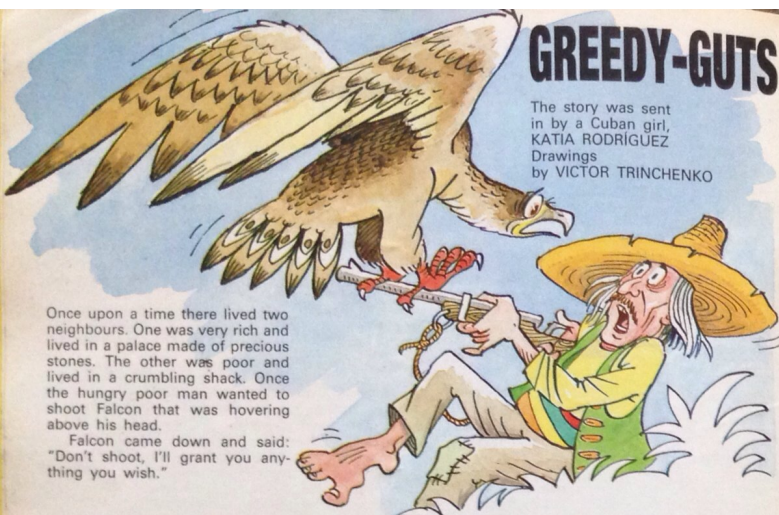
Dear boys and girls! **Misha** would love to get more stories about how you spent your summer holidays and what unforgettable things happened to you.



Hi! My name is Ana Maria Alvear. I live in Ecuador and I just love to read **Misha**. My favourite section is the Russian lessons. They are very simple and a lot of fun. I am learning Russian because I hope to visit the Soviet Union some day. I also want to invite kids from all over the world to come to Ecuador to enjoy its beautiful nature and wildlife. Ours is not a very large country but it sure has a very big heart.







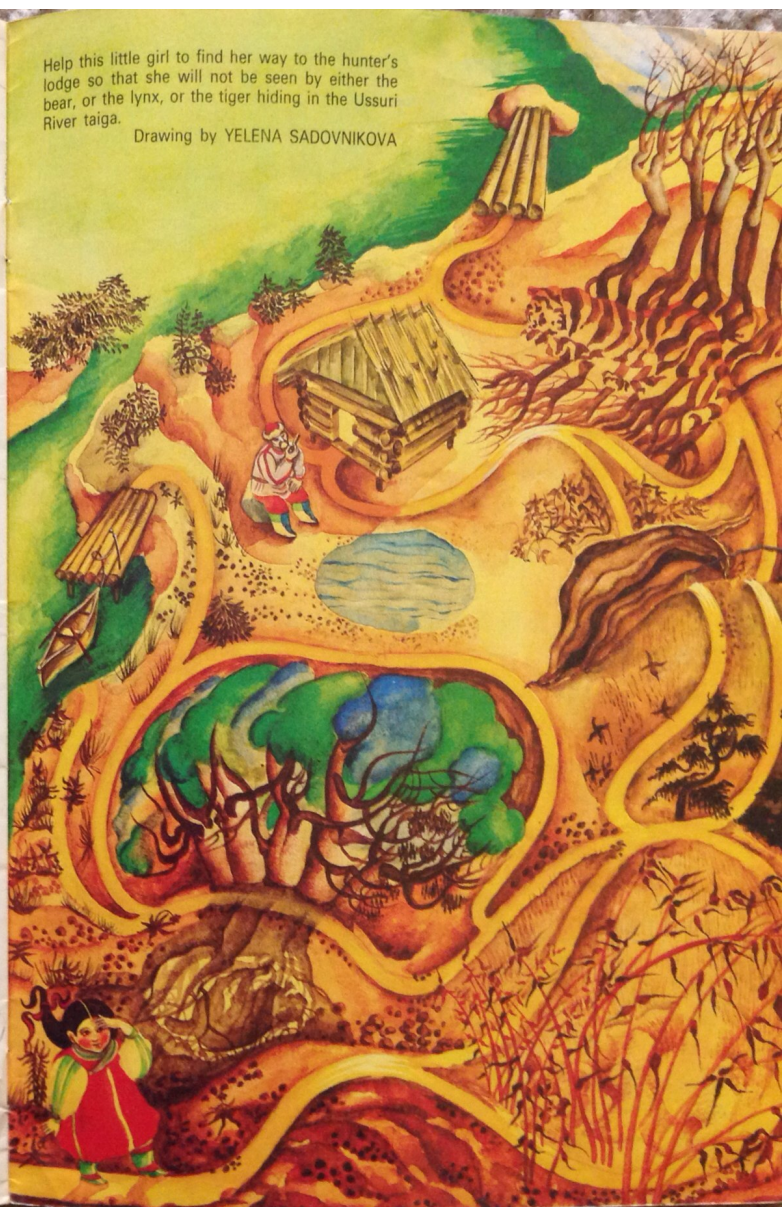
The rich man promptly got a gun in the market, found Falcon and sighted his gun. "Give me that feather and be quick about it, or else..." "Help yourself," said Falcon and came down. The rich man grabbed hold of a feather and pulled, but the feather would not come off. Meanwhile Falcon soared into the skies and carried off the rich greedy man far away.

"My family has been hungry since yesterday." "Take a feather from my tail and plant it into the ground!" The poor man did as he was told and a magic plant with a bagful of gold pieces grew from the feather. The poor man grabbed the bag with the gold and rushed home, to his wife. The woman was so happy that she told their story to the neighbour.



Help this little girl to find her way to the hunter's lodge so that she will not be seen by either the bear, or the lynx, or the tiger hiding in the Ussuri River taiga.

Drawing by YELENA SADOVNIKOVA





MAKE IT YOURSELF



## ADDING COLOUR TO YOUR WINDOWSILL

"What's the matter with my plant, it's getting all withered," complained Tania.

"It must be the plastic vase. The roots have probably gone bad. Why don't you replant it into an earthenware pot?" said Polia.

"I don't like them, they're too plain," said Tania.

"Not if you use some colours and a bit of imagination!" And Polia pointed at the bright-coloured pots where her plants grew.

Why don't you try it on your own plant pots?

Designed by T. KISELEVA



The radio said that my favourite Swedish writer Astrid Lindgren visited the Soviet Union. Can you tell more about her visit, please?

ANNA MARIA DEMETER, Romania

A new medal was established in the Soviet Union last year. It's the Lev Tolstoy Gold Medal for the best authors of children's books. One of the first ever Tolstoy Medals went to the well-known Swedish storyteller Astrid Lindgren, whose books are greatly admired by Soviet kids. The presentation took place in Moscow. After the ceremony the Swedish writer was besieged by young Muscovites who showered her with congratulations and questions. Here is a short write-up of the conversation.

## NAUGHTY KARLSSON

**Yulia Gusakova:** Dear Mrs. Lindgren! We are very happy to have you here. Soviet children are very fond of reading. We want to thank you for the great pleasure that you've given us with your books!

**Lena Yablonskaya:** There are literally hundreds of questions we would like to ask you. There is, however, one question that everybody would like to get an answer to. Could you please tell us the story of Karlsson who has become one of the most popular children's characters here?

**Astrid Lindgren:** Well, the story is very simple. When my daughter was very small she was often ill. Once she said to me: "Mummy, when you're not here with me, there is a small funny man who pops up and flies about the room. The moment you return, he hides behind the pictures." After some time I had to write a radio series for children. I decided to use my girl's funny man and write the

series about him. I called the series Karlsson On the Roof. The Karlsson in that series was very good, he always listened to everybody and was what you would call a model person. However, when I started to write a book about him, he positively refused to be good and became rather naughty. That's the way he's been ever since.

Thank you very much for your congratulations and best wishes. I would also like to wish you something. I wish you lots of happiness and kindness. Be very careful not to lose these wonderful qualities when you grow up. And of course, I also wish you plenty of respect from your elders. They should love you just as much as you love them. They should also show lots of respect for you.

Astrid Lindgren in Moscow  
Photograph  
by ALEXANDER BORODIN

Good pass—  
a sure goal!  
Are you familiar  
with football?

If you like sports it would not take you long to find the mistakes the absent-minded artist made in the picture. Find them, finish colouring in the picture and then go for a nice jog or play football, hockey or some other sport. **Misha** wishes you lots of fun with sports!







GOOD AFTERNOON!

Let's continue to play with Russian letters and words. Read this story by MIKHAIL PRISHVIN and study the large drawing. With the help of small drawing-pointers solve the crossword puzzle.

## AN ERROR

Our Russian forests boast plenty of different trees. Every now and then you can meet a FIR TREE (ёлка, yólka) with small needles, stiff as a wire. She has two "sisters"—a PINE TREE (сосна, sasná) whose needles are long and soft and a LARCH (лиственница, li:stvi:ni:tsa) with even softer and gentler needles. Look! Here is a BIRCH (берёза, bi:r'óza) surrounded by her numerous friends, white-wood birches. Their leaves rustling in the wind, they dance in a ring. An OAK (дуб, dup) and MAPLE (клен, kl'on) stand nearby as if spellbound by this round-dance and eager to join it, but their long roots don't let them do it. There is a lot of

А Б В Г Д Е Ё Ж З И Й К Л М Н О П  
Р С Т У Ф Х Ц Ч Ш Щ Ъ Ы Ь Э Ю Я

aspens here. By the way, I'd like to tell you a story about this tree.

Once in spring, my friend and I walked along the forest. Suddenly we heard the sound of a saw. What's the matter? After a few steps we saw an ASPEN (осина, asi:na) lying on the earth and two boys sitting comfortably on it.

"What have you done?" I asked.

"Our forester ordered all dried trees to be felled. This aspen is already full of holes made by a woodpecker. It will die all the same," the boys answered.

We began to examine the tree: it was still fresh. Surely, a worm made its way inside it. A woodpecker, the forest doctor, sounded this aspen and decided to cure it. He had to make seven holes in all to fetch the intruder!

"You see, the woodpecker saved this aspen and you killed it," my friend said.

The boys blushed. No wonder—they were ashamed.



MISHA'S STADIUM

## TIPS FROM THE POLAR BEAR

One day Brown Bear and Polar Bear met in the Zoo.

"Why, you look a little under the weather today," said Polar Bear to his brown cousin. "Are you all right?"

"Not really, I've got a sore throat, and a sort of cold in the head," said the other with a sigh. "In fact, I'm afraid, I often catch colds."

"Not to worry," said Polar Bear and patted the other one on the shoulder. "I'll tell you the Big Bear Secret. But you must be patient..."

A year went by. Now Brown Bear is not afraid of the cold weather, icy winds and ice-cold water. We asked him to share his secret with Misha's readers and he agreed to do it with great pleasure.

"Put some warm water in the basin. Have Mum make sure that the water temperature is 36 degrees Centigrade. Put the sponge in the water and then give yourself a nice rub-down (move the sponge towards your heart) for two or three minutes.

In a week's time have Mum give you water that's a couple of degrees, or perhaps, just one degree lower. Lower the temperature every week. After three or four months you'll find yourself rubbing down with cold water that's only twenty degrees!

Now you are ready for a shower. At first it should be warm (about thirty degrees), then progressively colder, but not less than twenty degrees!



Drawing by NIKOLAI SHCHERBAKOV



SOFIA LEZHNEVA

## GOING ON A HIKE

One Sunday morning our kids found a letter on the desk. It said: "Come to the Strawberry Glade at the Blue Lake. Timosha the Gnome."

There was a map of the nearest forest enclosed with the letter. Now, wouldn't you be tempted by such an invitation? Everybody rushed to pack for the trip. We fished out our big rucksack and packed almost everything in it. However it was not big enough for everything we decided to take, so we packed a couple of bags more.

In the forest we lost our way for some time. When we got to the glade, Timosha was already gone. He had left a letter for us, though. It said: "Am expected in another forest. Help yourselves. Timosha."

"Help yourselves? To what?" wondered my little girls. My son Dima had an idea and squatted down to look. And he was right: there were strawberries galore right under our feet! Dima suggested a contest: who can pick the most strawberries.

Back home I made some strawberry jam and the kids called it "Timosha's jam".

Next time we were more organised. We took along a compass and worked out a careful route. After arriving at the Birch Grove, we had a picnic near the spring, then walked on to the waterfall.

The first to get bored was Irishka—the smallest one there.



PARENTS AND CHILDREN

She was fed up with walking just for the sake of walking. So we raced each other to different trees on the way, had hopping competitions and other contests. All the races and contests took us another couple of kilometres.

Hurray! Time for a picnic. We sat down, had a bite to eat and saw to the kids' scratches and bruises—we were thoughtful enough to bring along a little first-aid kit. After lunch, our Dad announced another contest. What birds were singing in that forest? What was the name of the tree in the middle of the glade? How can you find North and South without a compass? Everybody did their best, but the first prize—a big red apple—went to Dima. And then, before going down to the waterfall, we spent some time listening to the songs of the birds who put on a regular concert for our pleasure.

When we arrived back home the kids made a fine map of our hike on a big sheet of Watman. They marked in a Sandwich Glade and a Concert Forest and a Rainbow Waterfall. The only thing that was missing was Timosha the Gnome, who never turned up to meet us.

"Perhaps we could meet him next Sunday?" said Tania and Irishka hopefully. "After all, we know this forest like the back of our hand now."

Drawing by LEVON KHACHATRIAN

OLGA GRIGORIEVA

## MY NEW LITTLE BROTHER

I have a little brother. He's lying in his pram, I'll let him have my largest truck—Come, take it, brother Sam! I'll give him all my pencils—I want him learn to draw. What else? My teddy bear, and all my stamps, what's more. Now tell me, why he's sleeping. Ignoring all my toys. Perhaps he's yet too little, A baby, not a boy?



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Drawings by IGOR NOVIKOV

27



# JUST YOU WAIT

ALEXANDER KURLIANDSKY, ARKADY KHAIT  
Drawings by SVETOZAR RUSAKOV

Wolf was walking along one day, past a community centre. Suddenly he saw Hare go in.



Hare went past Hippo, the Door-Keeper, and Wolf rushed after him. "Who are you?" said Hippo.



"Hare," said Wolf, and the next moment was sent flying out into the street.



Wolf went back to where Hippo was. "Who are you?" Wolf sported his striped undershirt and said, "Zebra, of course, stupid!" Which landed him in



the street again. However, he was not ready to give up yet. So he found a basin, put it on his back and crawled in. "Who you?" "Turtle!"



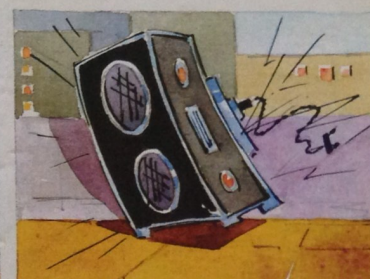
Hippo shoved the "turtle" into its "shell" and sent them both flying down the stairs again. "It doesn't seem to work," thought Wolf. "I'd better think of



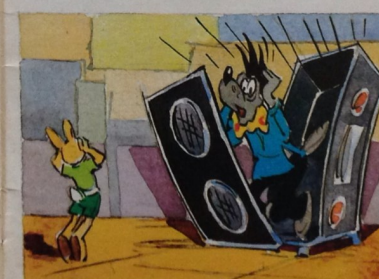
something else..." At this moment he saw some new huge amplifiers delivered to the centre.



The amplifiers were carried into the room. "Wow!" said Hare, delighted with the advances of high-tech. "Let's turn them on and have a demonstra-



tion." The moment he did, the amplifiers went crazy and began to scream.

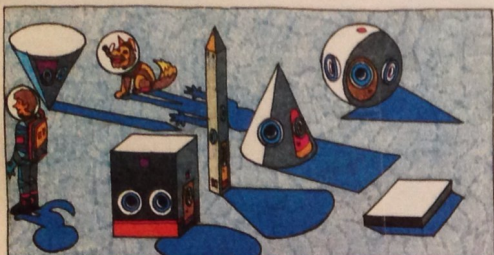
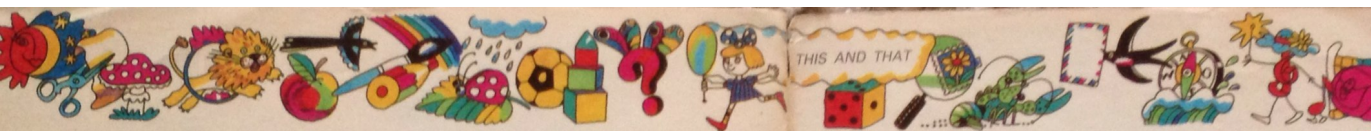


The next second Wolf was out of his hiding, his eyes popped out, his hair stood straight up and his ears were buzzing. "Who you?" asked Hippo who hurried over to the gate-crasher. But Wolf didn't

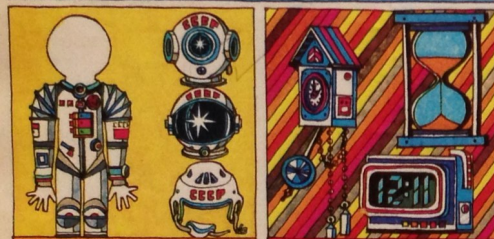


know himself anymore. He just whispered menacingly. "You, Hare, just you wait."





You can guess, of course, that the artist made a few errors. Help him correct them.

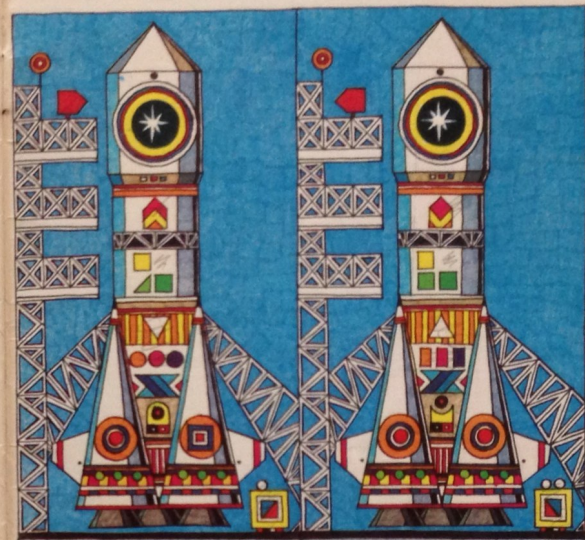


Help the astronaut to find a helmet to go with his space suit.

Which of these clocks would you take along on a flight?

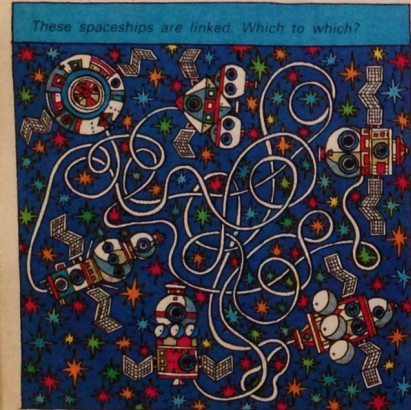


The stamps show Soviet sports planes.

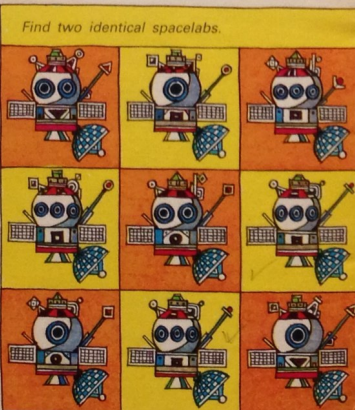


The two spaceships are ready to go into orbit. Find ten differences between them.

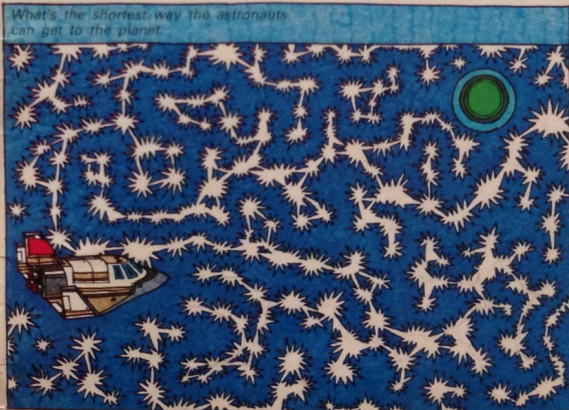
Drawings by ALEXANDER and VALERY SAFONOV.



These spaceships are linked. Which to which?



Find two identical spacelabs.



What's the shortest way the astronauts can get to the planet?

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Children's  
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Turn to page 12 to read about how to raise a puppy

